MARVEL
ULTIMATE
WOLVERINE
9
CONDON
CAPPUCCIO | VALENZA
SEPT. 2025 | RATED T+

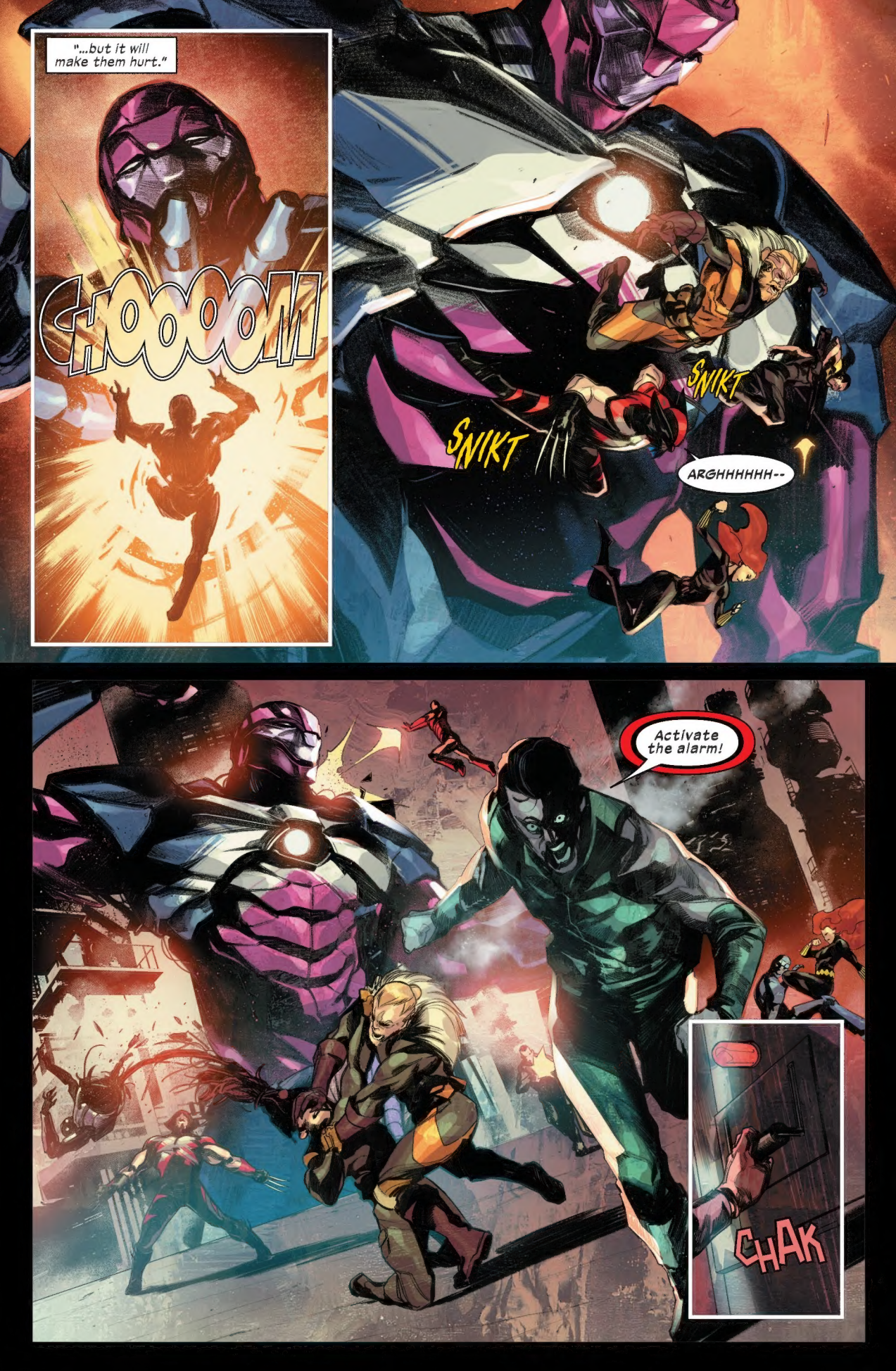
We have a Carrier Sentinel Unit arriving at Bay 77. Scan indicates four living specimens in containment aboard. But the code is... *muffled.*
Muffled?
I don't know how else to describe it. Didn't a unit go missing?
Damn it. ***Dr. Prostovich*** is inspecting the X-S units here today and I did *not* need any more complications...
What should we do?
I...I'm thinking.
Let's meet the CS Unit ourselves and inspect it. It's *probably fine,* but...let's activate five Tactical Sentinel Units to escort us.
Let's play it *safe.*

Approaching Bay 77, hold.
Requesting access to Bay 77 platform. Code X-1465.
All right, move! TS Units, guard the perimeter!
Look at that X... someone defaced it... *Traitors...*
Well, there's our answer. Opposition B.S. Let's get this cleaned up before the director sees it, I don't need--
WUUURRRRRR
I-its weapons systems are activating--
Oh my God. Lock down the platform! *We're under attack!*

Yesterday.
I need to know...will it be ready for tomorrow's mission?
Yeah, it'll be ready.
And the upload?
Almost there. Six more hours, give or take.
I need something more definitive than *give or take*...
I'm telling you...*it'll be ready.*
It had better be, Daniel...
Yeah, yeah. Whatever you say, Leader Rasputin.
Our F.O.R.G.E. team has been working tirelessly to crack, reprogram and *modify* a CS Unit, or Carrier Sentinel Unit, one of the vast fleet of Sentinels the Eurasian Republic has at their disposal.
FRSSSSHHH

We've likely all come up against one--they are advanced technological *killing machines,* specifically targeting mutantkind. But this one has something they do not...
...a *ghost in the machine.*
This is not just a commandeered Sentinel--it is a *member* of your team.
The One has graciously suggested that we upload his consciousness into the unit. He will look like one of *them*... but he will be one of *us.*
Gnn... get your hands off me, Creed...
Which is optimal for our next mission: cripple their Sentinel production by destroying their main manufacturing facility.
Do you think that's smart?
We've seen more Sentinel attacks, sure, but running headfirst into the *killing-machine* factory isn't going to save anyone, Mikhail. *It's suicide.*
Hm. I think there's somethin' he ain't tellin' us, Kitty...
Indeed...

"...we have received intelligence that mutants have been captured and brought to the '*Master Mold*'-- the central Sentinel manufacturing and testing site.
"This intelligence suggests that Directorate X are finding ways to biologically meld a mutant to a Sentinel Unit. They are calling these abominations '*X-S' Units.*"
We do not know how many mutants were taken or how many have been tested on. *Not yet.* But we will save who we can and ensure that *atrocities* like these never happen again.
"The secure facility is almost completely automated, operating with a skeleton crew for one reason: It is a *trap.* A gamma bomb lives in its heart to destroy its secrets and any intruders lucky enough to survive entry.
"It's quite brilliant, really. *I designed it myself.*"
We will have five minutes once the alarm is tripped to locate the captured mutants before the facility self-destructs. It won't fully dismantle their Sentinel program...


"...but it will make them hurt."
CHOOOOM
SNIKT
SNIKT
ARGHHHHHH--
Activate the alarm!
CHAK

BWAAAAAAAAA
BWAAAAAAAAAAAA
This is my worst nightmare...
What's happening...?
Intruders... we are under attack. We must evacuate, Director. Quickly...
BWAAAAAAAAA
BWAAAAAAAAAAAA
Dr. Lysenko, this is the most highly secure facility in the world. It must be a mistake. Override the self-destruct sequence, there's no way anyone could possibly--
BWAAAAAAAAA
BWAAAAAAAAAAAA
Oh no.
BWAAAAAAAAA
BWAAAAAAAAAAAA
BWAAAAAAAAA
AAA

YOU!
BWAAAAAAAAAA
BWAAAAAAAAAAAAA
BWAAAAAAAAAA
BWAAAAAAAAAAAAA
SKRRRRITCH
Ah--!
BWAAAAAAAAAA
BWAAAAAAAAAAAAA
RAAAHHH--

SKRRRNCH
Director! Come on!
Hnnn...
GUARRARARA GUARRARARARA

GWAAAAAAAAA
GWAAAAAAAAAAAA
SHOOOM
FWHM
GWAAAAAAAAA
GWAAAAAAAAAAAA
Enh?
I. GOT. YOU.
Gnn...

I want to try to--
Director! This is insanity! We must leave now--the facility will evaporate in less than five minutes! Mikhail's madness...
I've never liked being here... this is why.
But Dr. Lysenko, Winter Soldier...
BWAAAAAAAAA
BWAAAAAAAAAAAA
I know!
He's the one who got away. Let him die in the explosion. There is no time to argue. Now...let's go!
X-S Units One and Two, come with us--protect the director. Sledovat!
BWAAAAAAAAA
BWAAAAAAAAAAAA

SNIKT
SNIKT
BLURRRRRRRRR
BLURRRRRRRRRRRR
SNFF
SNFF
Hrrm...

SHH-INK
GUARAAAAAAA
GUARAAAAAAAAA
RAAARRRGH!
Director--
GUARAAAAAAA
GUARAAAAAAAA
--go! NOW!
GRRRAAHHHH!

Kill him now! NOW!!!
GUARRRRRRRR
GUARRRRRRRRR
FZZZZZZZZSSSHH
SHOOOOOM
GUARRRRRRRR
GUARRRRRRRR
GUARRRRRRRR
GUARRRRRRRR

SHIINNK
GUNNNNNNNN
GUNNNNNNNN
RAHHHH!
GUNNNNNNNN
GUNNNNNNNN
Come, Director. Your helicopter--

FZZZZZT
GUAAAAAAAAAA
GUAAAAAAAAAA
Gnn--
GUAAAAAAAAAA
GUAAAAAAAAAA
Relax, Director. He is dead.
Dr. Lysenko... you do not know him like I do...

BWAAAAAAAAAA
BWAAAAAAAAAAAAA
Hnn--
BWAAAAAAAAAA
BWAAAAAAAAAAAAA
BWAAAAAAAAAA
BWAAAAAAAAAAAAA
BWAAAAAAAAAA
BWAAAAAAAAAAAAA
RAAAAARRRGGGHHHH!
Rrr...saved by the Republic's shoddy workmanship... ain't that the way...

We have less than a minute. *Where is he?* Sabretooth, where's Wolverine?
I don't know, he wandered off and--
Speak of the devil...
BWAAAAAAAAAA
BWAAAAAAAAAAAA
Where the hell did you go?!
He probably saw a squirrel that got him runnin'. *Huh,* runt? Ha!
BWAAAAAAAAAA
BWAAAAAAAAAAAA
Yeah, bub...
...somethin' like that.
KRIK-KRAK

GWAAAAAAAAAA
GWAAAAAAAAAAAAA
GWAAAAAAAAAA--

TO BE CONTINUED...

DENIED

A. Prostovich, Director
Directorate X
Kremlin
Moscow, Eurasian Republic

Director Prostovich,

Regarding our last conversation, I must apologize for my emotional reaction to your words. As I have explained, or tried to explain, it was not you who I took umbrage with, it was, in fact, the leaders themselves. Leader Mikhail built his Master Mold facility with a bomb at its heart. So, in essence, my qualm is with *him*. This facility is impressive; that much is true. However, it has the stench of death about it, and I cannot find rest within its walls at any hour, day or night. I try to do my work and, yes, I *do* my work well. But I find my concentration drifting lately due to the concern I have for the core of this facility. Yes, it is a deterrent, and a good one—no sane man would wish to break into a facility that would promise to kill you minutes later. He kept employment low so that very few knew its secrets. He was careful. I applaud his attention to detail. Unfortunately, to be a human being is to have a human being's feelings. I am not made of iron, Director.

I regret to write you a letter in such a manner, but I must speak my mind on this matter—I think it is necessary for me. I have a sneaking suspicion that this facility will be the death of me. I hope that I am wrong, of course. Who wants their place of work to be a death trap? But unfortunately, these thoughts encroach on my mind every single day.

Despite this, I know that the Directorate needs me to create these strange technological chimeras. The "X-S." I understand its importance to the stability of the Republic in this fraught time. I will continue the work I have been tasked to do. I think, after the years we have worked in close proximity of each other, that you would know I am an honorable and trustworthy person. My duty is to the homeland first. It always has been, it always will be.

But I can do that work elsewhere. Respectfully, I wish to be considered for a transfer to a different, less volatile facility. There are other scientists who are my equal, if not my better, who can fulfill the duties of the Master Mold facility. But I cannot continue to be that man.

If there is no change by this time next month, I will then be forced to remove myself from this department and look for work elsewhere in the Republic.

Yours,

Chief Scientist, Sentinel Program
M.M. Facility
Undisclosed, Eurasian Republic